.99**3** .52

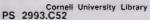
The date shows when this volume was taken. To renew this book copy the call No, and give to the librarian. HOME USE RULES. 2993 All Books subject to Recall. 05% Books not in use for instruction or research are returnable within 4 weeks. Volumes of periodicals and of pamphlets are held in the library as much as possible. For special purposes they are given out for a limited time. Borrowers sbould not use their library privileges for the bene-fit of other persons. Students must return all books before leaving town. Officers should arrange for the return of books wanted during their absence from town. Books needed by Cornell more than one person are held on the reserve list. Books of special value and gift books, when the giver wishes N. J. H it, are not allowed to circulate. Readers are asked to report all cases of books marked or muti-

1.268.622

lated.

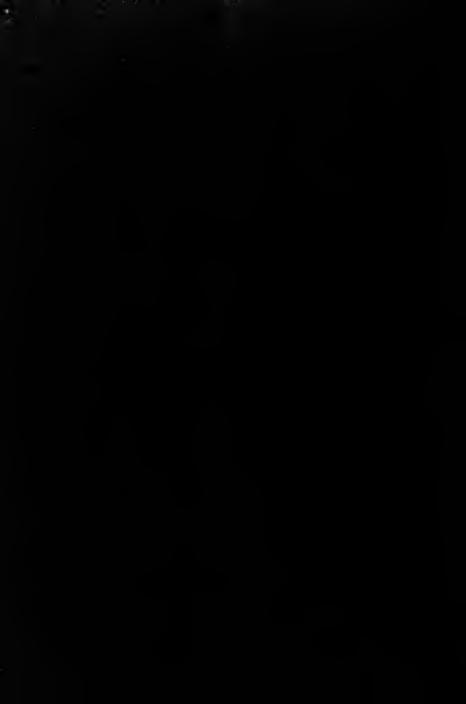
Do not deface books by marks and writing.

13 XI 12





Ledaurroft



## Fifth Annual

## Historic Commemoration

of the

Chester County Thistorical Society

"Cedarcroft," Kennett Square

Chester County, Pennsylvania

September 28th, 1912.

In memory of

Bayard Taylor and Thomas Buchanan Read.

# Programs 2 p. m.

PRAYER, Russell H. Conwell, L.L. D.					
Music, Kennett Square Public Schools.					
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, Geo. Morris Philips, L.L. D.  President Chester County Historical Society.					
Sketch of Bayard Taylor, . Mrs. Annie Taylor Carey.					
Baritone Solo—Song of the Camp ( Davis ), Bedouin Love Song ( Dudley Buck ), Harrison E. Quereau.					
SKETCH OF THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, Lewis R. Harley, Ph. D. Prof. of History, Central High School, Phila.					
Address,					
POEM, John Russell Hayes, LL. B.  Librarian at Swarthmore College.					
Address, Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, LL. D.					
An Appreciation, William Winter, Litt. D.					
Music, Kennett Square Public Schools.					

All in their lifetime carve their own soul's statue.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ: The Sculptor's Last Hour.



Thomas Buchanan Read at the age of 28. Published by permission of J. B. Lippincott & Co.

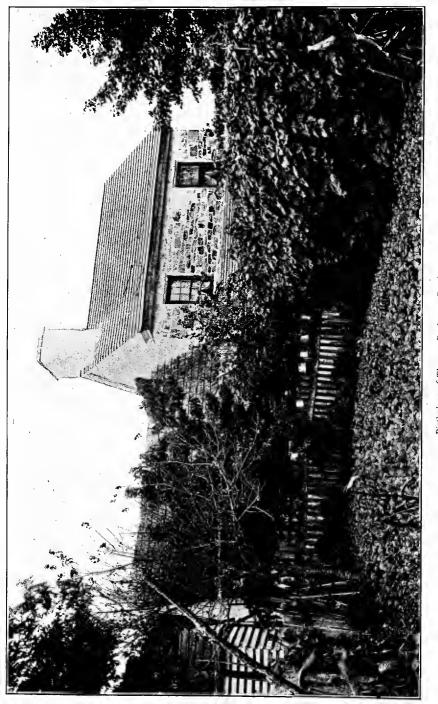
Born near Downingtown, Chester Co., Pa., March 12, 1822. Died New York, May 11, 1872.

On earth's great page, Each soul records its pilgrimage.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ: The House by the Sea.

What though my feet have wandered far
Through groves and lawns of antique shores,
Where ever to the morning star
The enamored lark her love-song pours,
And through enchanted woods and vales
Romance still walks, a spirit free,
Thrilled by the poet-nightingales,
I turn, dear native land, to thee.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ: The Wagoner of the Alleghanies,



Here my young muse first learned to love and dream. Thomas Buchanan Read: The New Pastoral, Birthplace of Thomas Buchanan Read.

From humble home-lays to the heights of thought Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.

J. G. WHITTIER: Bayard Taylor.



Born

Chester Co.,

Pa.,

Jan, 11, 1825.

Square,

Kennett

Died Berlin, Germany,

Dec. 19, 1878.

Bayard Taylor.

Dear is the Minstrel, yet the Man is more. BAYARD TAYLOR: Goethe Ode.

The Poet's leaves are gathered one by one, In the slow process of the doubtful years. Who seeks too eagerly, he shall not find; Who, seeking not, pursues with single mind Art's lofty aim, to him will she accord, At her appointed time, the sure reward.

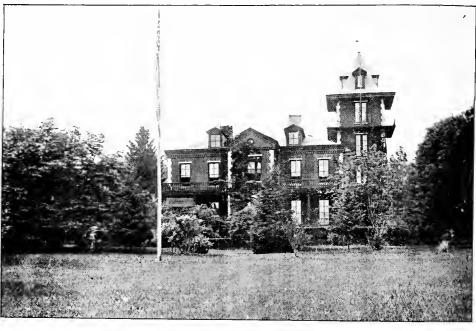
BAYARD TAYLOR: The Poet's Journal.

I am a voice, and cannot more be still
Than some high tree that takes the whirlwind's stress
Upon the summit of a lonely hill . . . .
Such voices were, and such must ever be,
Omnipotent as love, unforced as prayer,
And poured round Life as round its isless the sea!

BAYARD TAYLOR: Prince Deukalion,

Again before me with your names, fair Chester's landscape comes, Its meadows, woods, and ample barns, and quaint, stone-builded homes. The smooth shorn vales, the wheaten slopes, the boscage green and soft, Of which their poet sings so well from towered Cedarcroft.

J. G. WHITTIFR: The Golden Wedding of Longwood.



Cedarcroft -- Home of Bayard Taylor,

Here will I seek my songs in the quiet fields of my boyhood. Here, where the peaceful tent of home is pitched for a season. High is the house and sunny the lawn: the capes of the woodlands, Bluff, and buttressed with many boughs, are gates to the distance, Blue with hill over hill, that sink as the pausing of music.

BAYARD TAYLOR: Proem to Home Pastorals.

While I live, I trust I shall have my trees, my peaceful, idyllic landscape, my free country life at least half the year; and while I possess so much, with the ties out of which all this has grown, I shall own one hundred thousand shares in the Bank of Contentment, and consider that I hold a Second Mortgage Bond on the Railroad to the Celestial City.

BAYARD TAYLOR: At Home and Abroad.



The Cedarcroft Chestnut.

## Committees.

#### General Committee.

Jesse E. Philips, Chairman,

Gilbert Cope,

Chas. R. Hoopes,

Geo. Morris Philips,

Smith Burnham,

J. Carroll Hayes,

Francis H. Green,

Addison L. Jones,

Mary I. Stille,

Lewis K. Stubbs,

George B. Johnson,

Dr. Justin E. Harlan,

Edward S. Paxson,

William M. Potts,

George W. Moore,

Dr. Edward Kerr,

Chas. L. Huston,

S. Jones Philips,

Chas. J. Pennock,

Emma T. Lamborn.

#### Local Committee.

Jesse E. Philips, Chairman,

Chas. J. Pennock,

Emma T. Lamborn,

Chas. G. Gawthrop,

Edwin S. Philips.

#### Committee on Markers.

Lewis K. Stubbs, Chairman,

Chas. R. Hoopes,

William M. Potts,

Smith Burnham,

George W. Moore,

Jesse E. Philips.

## Officers of the Society.

#### 244 ( FEE

### GEO. MORRIS PHILIPS, President.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, Vice-Pres., GILBERT COPE, Recording Sec.,

SAMUEL MARSHALL, Vice Pres., J. CARROLL HAYES, Corr. Sec.

LEWIS K. STUBBS, Treasurer.

Directors.

Councillors.

GILBERT COPE,

MARY INGRAM STILLE,

GEO. MORRIS PHILIPS,

REBECCA MICKLE HEMPHILL,

Charles R. Hoopes,

MALINDA MARSHALL HOOPES.

EDWARD S. PAXSON,

Joseph T. Price.

GEORGE B. JOHNSON,

SAMUEL L. MARTINDALE.

Curators.

ALICE COCHRAN, JUSTIN E. HARLAN



Fame won at books is of all large the best

BATAGO TATTION: To the April 200

Fair Pennsylvania I than the cold and a late.

Lying twist fulls of green, and bound along the billowy mountains colling on the late.

No lovelier land scape meets the ten along the real.

That is but in way a late. The real Pro-

